The Intermezzo

A MUSICAL MONTHLY

OCT., 1905

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THE INTERMEZZO.

A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

ISSUED ON THE 10th OF EACH MONTH.

JOHN STARK, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.
W. P. STARK, - - - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE INTERMEZZO CO.

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FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born at Hamburg in 1809, and died at Leipsic in 1847. Thirty-eight years is not a long life, but still it is long enough to do great things. Mendelssohn's career was a triumphal march. The road to success with him was no zigzag journey—from the first he went straight to the front. Whether as a baby he crowed in key, and cried to a one-two-three melody, as his old nurse used to aver, is a little doubtful, possibly. But all agree that he was the most precocious musical genius that ever lived, excepting Mozart; and Goethe, who knew them both, declared that Mendelssohn's music bore the same relationship to Mozart's as the talk of a grown-up cultured person to the prattle of a child.

But then Goethe was not a musician, and sixty years had passed from the time Goethe saw Mozart before he met Mendelssohn. Goethe loved the brown-curled Jewish boy at sight; and whether he ever recovered from the taint of prejudice that most people feel when a prodigy is introduced, on meeting Mozart, is a question.

But who can wonder that the old poet's heart went out to the youthful Mendelssohn as soon as he saw him! He was a being to fill a poet's dream—such a youth as the old masters used to picture as the Christ when He confounded the wise men. And then the painters posed this same type of boy as Daniel in the lion's den; and back in the days of Pericles the Greeks were fond of showing the beautiful youth, just approaching adolescence, in the nude, as the god of Love. When the face has all the soft beauty of a woman, and the figure slight, slender, lithe and graceful, carries only a suggestion of the masculine strength to come—then beauty is at perihelion. The "Eros" of Phideas was not the helpless, dumpy cherub, "Cupid"—he was a slender-limber boy of twelve who showed collar bone and revealed every rib.

Beauty and strength of the highest type are never complete—their lure lies in a certain reserve, and behind all is a suggestion of unfoldment. Maturity is not the acme of beauty, because in maturity there is nothing more to hope for—only the uncompleted fills the heart, for from it we construct the Ideal.

Goethe looked out of his window and seeing Felix Mendelssohn playing with the children, exclaimed to Zelter, "He is a Greek god in the germ, and I here solemnly protest against his wearing clothes."

The words sound singularly like the remark of Dr. Schneider, made ten years later, when Herr Doctor removed the sheet that covered the dead body of Goethe, and gazing upon the full-rounded limbs, the mighty chest, the columnar neck and the Jove-like head, exclaimed, "It is the body of a Greek god!" And the surgeons stood there in silent awe, forgetful of their task.

Zelter, who introduced Mendelssohn to Goethe, was a fine old character, nearly as fine a type as Goethe himself. Heine once said, "Musicians constitute a third sex." And that there have been some unsexed, or at least unmanly men, who were great musicians, need not be denied. The art of music borders more closely upon the dim and mystic realms of the inspirational than any of the other arts. Music refuses to give up its secrets in a formula and at last eludes the sciolist with his ever ready theorem. But still, all musicians are not dreamers. Zelter, for one instance, was a most hard-headed, practical man; a positivist and mathematician with a turn for economics and a Gradgrind for the fact. He was a stone mason, and worked at his trade at odd times all through his life, just because he felt it was every man's duty to work with his hands. Imagine Tolstoy playing the piano and composing instead of making shoes and you have Zelter.

This curious character was bound to the Mendelssohn family by his love for Moses Mendelssohn, the grandfather of Felix. Moses Mendel added the "sohn" in loving recognition of his father, just as "Bartholdy" was added by the father of Felix in loving token to his wife. It was the grandfather of Felix who first gave glory to the name. We sometimes forget that Moses Mendelssohn was one of the greatest thinkers Germany has produced—the man who summed up in his own head all the philosophy of the time and gave Spinoza to the world. This was the man to whom the erratic Zelter was bound in admiration, and when it was suggested that he teach musical composition to the grandchild of his idol, he accepted the post with zest.

But there came a shade of disappointment to the grim and bearded Zelter when he failed to find a trace of resemblance between the child and the child's grandfather. The boy was sprightly, emotional, loving; and could play the piano from his tenth year better than Zelter. When Goethe teasingly suggested this fact Zelter replied, "You mean he plays different, not better." Goethe apologized.

Yet the boy was not a philosopher, and this grieved Zelter, who wanted him to be the grandson of his grandfather, and a musician, beside.

The lad's skill in composition, however, soon turned the old teacher's fears into joy. Such a pupil he had never had.

before. And he did not reason it out that no one else had ever had, either. The child, like Chopin, read music before he read print, and improvised, merging one tune with another, bringing harmony out of hopeless chaos. Zelter followed, fearing success would turn the boy's head—berating, scolding, encouraging, chiding—and all the time admiring and loving. The pretty boy was not much frightened by the old man's rough ways, but seized upon such of the instruction as he needed and filled in the rest with his own peerless soul.

The parents were astounded at such progress. At first they had wished merely to round out the boy's education with a proper amount of musical instruction, and now they reluctantly allowed the old teacher to have his way—the lad must make his career a musical one. The boy composed a cantata, which was given in the parlors of his parents' home, with an orchestra secured for the occasion. Felix stood on a chair and led his band of musicians with that solemn dignity which was his through life. Zelter grumbled, ridiculed and criticised—that was the way he showed his interest. He declared they were making a "Miss Nancy" of his pupil—saturating him with flattery, and he even threatened to resign his office—most certainly not intending to do so.

It was about this time that Zelter threw out the hint that he was going down to Weimar to see his friend Goethe—would Felix like to go? Felix would be delighted, and when the boy's father and mother were interviewed, they were pleased, too, at the prospect of their boy making the acquaintance of the greatest poet of Germany. Felix was duly cautioned about how he should conduct himself. He promised, of course, and also agreed to write a letter home every day, recording the exact language that the author of "Werther" used in his presence.

Goethe and the Carlylean Zelter had been cronies for years. The poet delighted in the company of the gruff old stone mason musician, and together they laughed at the world over their pipes and mugs. And sometimes, alas, they hotly argued and raised their voices in dunder and blitzen style, as Germans have been known to do. Yet they were friends, and the honest Zelter's yearly visits were as a godsend to the old poet, who was often pestered to distraction by visitors who only voiced the conventional, the inconsequential and absurd. Here was a man who tried his steel.

Now, Zelter had theories about teaching harmony—theories too finely spun for anyone but himself to grasp. Possibly he himself did not seize them very firmly, but only argued them in vain attempt to clear the matter up in his own mind. The things we are not quite sure of are those upon which we insist.

Goethe had pooh-poohed and smitten the table with his "stein" in denial.

And now Zelter, the frank and bold, stealthily and by concocted plot and plan took his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, with him on a visit to Weimar. He wanted to confound his antagonist and reveal by actual proof the success that could be achieved where correct methods of instruction were followed.

Jean Jacques has written a novel showing what right theories, properly followed up, could do for his hero. Zelter had done better—he exhibited the youth.

"A girl in boy's clothes, I do believe," said Goethe, with his usual banter, in the evening when a little company had gathered in the parlors. Felix sat on his teacher's knee, with his arms around the old man's neck, girl-like. "Does he play?" continued Goethe, going over and opening the piano.

"Oh, a little," answered Zelter, indifferently.

The ladies insisted—they always had music when Zelter made them a visit.

"Come, make some noise and awaken the sleeping spirits that have so long lain slumbering!" ordered the old poet.

Zelter advanced to the piano and played a stiff, formal little tune of his own.

He arose and motioned to Felix.

"Play that!" said the teacher.

The child sat down, and with an impatient little gesture and a half smile at the audience played the piece exactly as Zelter had played it, with a certain drawling style that was all Zelter's own. It was so funny that the listeners burst into shouts of laughter. But the boy instantly restored order by striking the bass a strong stroke with both hands, running the scale and weaving that simple little air into the most curious variations.

For ten minutes he played, bringing in Zelter's little tune again and again, and then Zelter in a voice of pretended wrath cried, "Cease that tin-pan drumming and play something worth while."

Goethe arose, stroked the boy's pretty brown curls, kissed him on the forehead and said, "Yes, play something worth while. I know you two rogues—you have been practicing on that piece for a year, and now you pretend to be improvising—I'll see whether you can play!"

And going to a portfolio he took out a manuscript piece of music written out in the fine, delicate hand of Mozart and placed it on the music rack of the piano. Felix played the piece as if it were his own. And then, laying it aside, went back and played it through from memory.

Then piece after piece was brought out for him to play and Zelter leaned back and by his manner said, "Oh, it is nothing!"

And certainly it was nothing to the boy—he played with such ease that his talent was quite unknown to himself. He had not yet discovered that everyone could not produce music just as they could talk.

Goethe's admiration for the boy was unbounded. The two weeks of his prescribed visit had expired, and Goethe begged for an extension of two weeks more. Every evening there was the little impromptu concert. After that Mendelssohn paid various visits to Weimar. Goethe's house was his home, and the affection between the old poet and the young musician was very gentle and very firm. "All souls are of one age," says Swedenborg. Goethe was seventy-three, and Mendelssohn thirteen when they first met, but very soon they were as equals—boys together.

Goethe was a learner to the day of his passing; he wanted to know. In the presence of those who had followed certain themes further that he had, he was as an eager, curious child. When Goethe was seventy-eight and Mendelssohn eighteen, they spent another month together; and a regular program of instruction was laid out. Each morning at precisely nine they met for the poet's "music lesson," as Goethe called it, and Felix would play from some certain composer, showing the man's peculiar style, and the features that differentiated him from others. Goethe himself has recorded in his correspondence that it was Mendelssohn who taught him of Hengstenberg and Spontini, introduced him to Hegel's Aesthetics and revealed to him for the first time the wonders of Beethoven. Can you not close your eyes and see them there—the mighty giant of fourscore, with his whitened locks, and the slight, slender, handsome boy?

The old man seated in his arm chair, near the window that opens on the garden. The youth is at the piano and plays

WINGED VICTORY.

E. J. STARK.

Piano.

f

p

1.

2.

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ff

p

ff

1

2

ff

p

1

2

ff

cresc.

ff

1

2

MY SOUTH SEA ISLAND QUEEN.

Words by
FRANK WOOSTER

Music by
CLARENCE EDMUNDS.

Moderato.

ff *rit.*

1. Down where the South Sea roars,
2. I'd bring her rings so fine,

Till Ready.

p *mf*

Down where the big eagle soars,
If she'd say she'd be mine.

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There lives my lit - tle Sa-moan maid, She's of a cop-per
I love her dear-ly all the time 'Cause she is migh-ty

pp

shade. Each night, out in the moon - light,
fine. I'd give her cor - als rare

Down 'neath the ev - er - glades, 'Tis then I ser - en -
And beads to trim her hair. She'd be be - yond com -

ade My dus - ky Sa - moan maid. 'Cause
pare, My lit - tle Sa - moan maid. For

CHORUS.

She is my South Sea Is - land Queen. She is the best I've seen.

p-ff

With her my life would be a dream, And how nice 'twould seem.

She is the i - dol of my heart; From her I'll nev - er part.

She is my love, my dus - ky dove, My South Sea Is - land Queen. 'Cause Queen.

1. 2.

CLIFTON WALTZ.

CHAS. SCHAFER.

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from time to time to illustrate his thought, then turns and talks and the old man nods in recognition. The boy sings and the old man chords in with a deep mellow bass which the years have not subdued.

When there are others present these two may romp, joke and talk much—masking their hearts by frivolity—but together they sit in the silence, or speak only in lowered voices as true lovers do. Their conversation is sparse, to the point: each mindful of the dignity and worth that the other possesses: each recognizing the respect that is due to a mind that knows and a heart that feels. "All souls are of one age."

"I believe that inspiration and invention in music are peculiar to the Latin race. Of course, the northern countries also have a musical literature, which has been accepted by the taste of the whole cultured world. However, these people (the non-Latin composers) manufacture their works by means of wearisome studies, and the results are the fruits of their education, and their doubtless great scholarship. The Latin musician, on the other hand (and especially the Italian), creates through spontaneous impulse, almost without consciousness. The music of the learned northerns is vertical music; the music of the Latin geniuses is horizontal. By 'vertical music' I mean the kind that makes the effect of a straight line, the stark symbol of pedantry, the result of study, of mentality, of school methods. The 'horizontal line' in music represents the evolution of aesthetic feeling and artistic phantasy. The works of the intellectuals are the fruit of vertically manufactured harmonies, while the creations of genius are a continuous horizontal line of bubbling melody, and the harmonies are only an added part, while to the other man (the northern) they are the chief things * * * I shall do the utmost in my power to hamper theoretical instruction in music, as it puts nothing but obstacles in the way of the inventive young artist."—Mascagni.

The above was written by the composer of "Cavalier Rusticana." We cannot follow him in believing that the creation of sentimental, of emotional melody, is confined to any section, but he has grasped one end of a truth when he discovers that theoretical knowledge does not qualify one to write new and living melodies. The highly educated musician has rehearsed the music of all nations. He has read the musical thoughts of many writers. The composition that he turns out (perhaps unconsciously) is what he has absorbed, and is not new. It has been written before—a little here and a little there. When first written it was a creation. It is now a promiscuous appropriation. If the modern composer is vain he will give it a high-sounding name—"La Preludium" (Bumfooselum) or "Caprice Symphonique" (Josh pedantique), and many poor pupils struggle over these gymnastic freaks in the vain belief that they are doing the classics to a turn. But we will not say that a theoretical musical education disqualifies one from creating original and sentimental melody, for we have the example of Chopin, Schubert and others. This gift seems to lie inherent in the human soul. Every one knows of the old jigs, reels and hornpipes that have been played ten thousand times and over and over by father and son in some parts of the country, and if one of them were well played today at a fashionable ball and the fashion slaves could be made to believe that it was a late composition of Prof. Alphonso Gump it would create a furore. What has caused these old pieces of but a few bars to live through the ages? They had sentimental melody. There is just now a great struggle between the rag creations of Scott Joplin and the culture and imitation culture of this country and of Europe. When Joplin turned out "The Sun-Flower," Maple Leaf" "Cascades" and "Entertainer" he had never heard what is called high-class music. His compositions were evolved from his own consciousness and are real creations, unlike anything that had ever been written before. Their harmonic treatment is a wonder to all musicians. They possess the unique and weird quality of the masters. They put to sleep the season's hits in light music and turn up fresh each year. It will take a cast-iron prejudice to keep them from the halls of culture and refinement. In a simpler form of living music was the songs of Steven C. Foster. These were of the simplest forms, but they had the living principle of sentiment. Will S. Hays wrote a number of popular songs some years ago which ran their course and were much admired—but they lacked the heart-searching qualities of the songs of Foster. The creation of sentimental melody or to be able to create such, is inherent in the individual; but it cannot always be brought out. The composer often wooes it in vain. The hit writer cannot with deliberation write a hit. Indeed, he really doesn't know when he has written one until the piece proves it. Education and environment will not help him. The living melody seems to be a capricious article—a spontaneous production.

Musical taste has been a theme for controversy, no doubt, ever since Jubal and Tubal Cain began to explore the realms of sound and to shape instruments for their elaboration. We suppose if Jubal's compositions were a little more complex and fantastic in their construction than Tubals that he captured the music smart set and they gave Tubal the ragtime josh good and plenty.

Not only that, but the whole land of Nod somehow learned that Jubal's music was the high-class stunt and they fell into line with the Jubal set. People who didn't know music from politics fell into line and declared that Jubal's music was really too nice for anything, and that Tubal's ragtime was positively vile. We wonder if there was anyone in those days really independent of Mrs. Grundy. Happily there are a few such in this age. Miss Alice Roosevelt is very fond of the better class of ragtime and doesn't hesitate a moment in saying so. Indeed, she is very apt to act out her independent self in anything she thinks right. One night in a box at a New York theater she was approached by Harry Lehr, the Beau Brummel of the New York Four Hundred, with a gushing how-de-do and an extended hand. She must have thought him too officious or too presuming; at least she didn't see Harry Lehr. He stood a few seconds in amazed stupor and slid out of sight. Of course, there was an earthquake in the Four Hundred, but the point we are making is this:

There are many thousands of young ladies in this country who are just as fond of the better class of ragtime as is Miss Roosevelt, but some way, have been hustled into the Jubal Cain camp and feel that they must keep up the war between ragtime and the classics to show which side they are on. There is no dividing line between the lightest music and the heaviest. No person can draw a line where popular music leaves off and the classics begin. Some of the best rags run away up the scale into the musical numbers of Mozart and Hayden. Prejudice does much harm on both sides of the question.

Many a person hears heavy music for the first time—perhaps poorly played—they take a negative attitude towards it, which will perhaps last them as long as they live, whereas if they would hear it often they would in all probability come to like it, though this is not always the case.

The Sultan of Turkey is something of a pianist. He plays

"Trovatore" and music of that class, but draws the line on the classics and won't allow them played on the place.

On the other hand, many have been taught that it is poor taste to like light music and they take such a strong negative attitude toward this class of music that they can positively dislike the sweet old songs of Claribel, though one of these contains more of the heart's deep pathos than many pages of the music they claim to enjoy. It will be well when all people are as independent and free from pretense as Miss Alice Roosevelt

---

New York, September 20, 1905.

In our last letter to the INTERMEZZO we were so diverted by the struggles of professional society to keep up the tension of pleasures and "greatness" that we did not get to musical matters at all. We are now spending a season at New Rochelle (a suburb) for several reasons, the principal one being its proximity to the waters of Long Island Sound. This place is the home of many people well known throughout the country, one of whom is Outcault, the creator and exploiter of "Buster Brown and his dog Tige," which is easily the best of all the comic series. It is also the home of Francis Wilson, the actor, whom most of the readers of the INTERMEZZO have seen. And also Eddie Foy and Archie Gunn. This was the landing spot of the Huguenots and is a most beautiful place to live.

New Rochelle, and indeed most of the East, is musical to a degree not approached in the West. We saw today two hand organs on one block, and they are to be met with everywhere grinding out the ancient melodies of Europe in exchange for the nickels of the musical enthusiast. We don't know whether according to the INTERMEZZO's gauge, this music is intellectual or emotional, but it is easily quantitive and perpetual, and it must be effective, as it in many cases enables the grinder (usually a lusty, stout fellow) to retire to Europe to live on his capital. St. Louis is away short on hand-organ music.

There are a great many St. Louis musicians in New York. Homer Moore, who was a power in musical affairs only a short while ago, and who was instrumental in having the Odeon built, has a studio here on Central Park West, and is wielding the same musical influence here that he did in St. Louis. He has written two operas—book and music—since he has been here, "The Puritans" and "Louis XIV," the latter of which is being rehearsed to play before Savage and may go on the stage this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Carrie, who used to sing at the Union Methodist Church in St. Louis, are doing finely here. Both have church positions and are getting many engagements.

Of course you hear all about the Blossom-Robyn combination.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stanley have met with immediate recognition here. They spent the summer in a snug retreat in New Rochelle, but even here their fame found them out. Mr. Stanley has a church position and other engagements for more of his time than he wished to devote to work this summer. They have moved into the city for the winter and will take up work in earnest. Mr. Stanley will be remembered as a member of the Apollo Club and one of the Temple male quartette. Mrs. Stanley is known in St. Louis as Eleanor Stark, a concert pianist and pupil of Moszkowski. They married last April and started immediately for New York. The thing that has bothered them most this summer past is that there are only twenty-four hours in a day and so few days in a week.

ANON.

St. Louis has a goodly number of musical societies, clubs and conservatories. Surely the art divine should be making progress. First and most pretentious, we have the "Choral Symphony" aggregation, which contains an orchestra of about sixty pieces and a chorus of several hundred voices when at its best. This society gives from seven to ten concerts each season, which are fairly well patronized, but still not sufficiently so to pay the expenses incurred. At about each alternate concert they have an artist from abroad, and this with the large number of St. Louis people engaged, run the expenses up into big figures. The public spirited citizens have to go down into their pockets each season for from $5,000 to $20,000.

The Choral Symphony Society is a benefit to St. Louis, as the different reasons that people have for going puts them under the necessity of hearing a pretty good class of music, fairly well rendered, and notwithstanding the great temptation to talk during the rendering of the most effective parts, still the association is for their good, even if a little annoying to the musical enthusiast.

The "Apollo Club" is the Beau Brummel Society of St. Louis.

It is a male chorus with soli and all kinds of combinations. Its concerts are the dress parade occasions of St. Louis. They are the events of the season. Their entertainments are less frequent than those of the Choral Symphony and are well attended, but the Apollo Club, too, is supported by subscription. Their entertainments are exclusive and you cannot buy a ticket unless it be through the influence of one who belongs to the club. Their concerts are of good class.

Then there is the "Union Musical Club," the "Morning Choral," the "Morning Etude," the "Rubinstein Club," all pulling for high culture and having a lot of fun at their periodical gatherings.

And what next? We have that inimitable bunch, "The Hot Time Minstrels." Do you look down on this delegation? Don't pity them. Their audiences are the swellest conventions that assemble in St. Louis. Are they patronized? Were the house big enough you would wear out a turn-style letting them in. If it is a sign of bad musical taste to attend the Hot Time Minstrel show then there is no hope for St. Louis.

They pack the house and could pack another house or two with the overflow. Their programs are of the popular music of the day, but its limitations are respected and it is rendered in the sense in which it is written. There are many good souls who verily believe that such as this is a detriment to the culture of taste in music. Surely not. We would attend the "Choral Symphony." We would attend the "Apollo Club." We would attend the Hot Time Minstrels, and if our taste retrogrades then there is something radically wrong with our taste or there is very poor interpretation of the high-class music in St. Louis. Let them all flourish, the fittest will survive.

WASHINGTON STAR MAN.

"He says he cannot live without me," said the impressionable heiress.

"Don't believe it," returned Miss Cayenne. "He will live. But he may have to economize."

Mike—Oi've had th' noight mare for three noights, Pat.. Phwat would you ricommind for th' throuble?

Pat—Yez moight trade th' mare for wan av thim automobiles, b'gorry.

MR. W. A. CRAUSE,

Circulation Agent of "The Intermezzo."

210 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

We regret to state to our readers that the postal authorities have been pleased to discriminate against us in the matter of admitting us to the mails as second-class matter.

We say discriminate advisedly, for the objections they name to our admittance to second-class rates are intensified in a number of musical magazines that they—for reasons unknown—do admit to the mails as second-class matter.

We have been told that a pull of some kind is necessary to receive justice from the men we have elected to do the work of our government.

We have not believed it. The thought is distasteful to us. We have asked no assistance from lawyer or politician, but we have failed, while others less entitled to second-class—according to the same ruling made in our case, have been admitted.

Can any logician tell us wherein we are at fault in believing that we are the victim of discrimination?

One objection was that "The Intermezzo seems to have been gotten up for advertising purposes" which means that its publishers designed it to advertise their own goods. This seemed strange to us as not one line of advertising appeared in its columns of goods belonging to its publishers. While one magazine *admitted* had eleven ads of goods owned by its publishers in one issue. Again we call for the logician.

The question we would ask of fair minded people is: Can the postal authorities square themselves in the premises and show that even-handed justice that the people of this country love and expect of their public servants?

Lest some of our readers should misunderstand us we will explain that being rejected as second-class matter simply means that the authorities decide that we must pay a little more than eight times as much postage as the favored magazine that is given second-class rates.

In view of the above discrimination we have crowded the music in this issue so that it only takes 8 pages for the same amount of music which we formerly put on 12 pages, this enables us to bring the weight of the paper to 2 ounces which makes the postage 1c per copy instead of two.

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